

STRICT!



JEANETTE KNOX
IN 'DIVORCE ITALIAN STYLE'

ALSO:
KAREN ARTHUR
LORI WAVERLY
CHRISSY MORRIS
GEORGIA VAN HELSING





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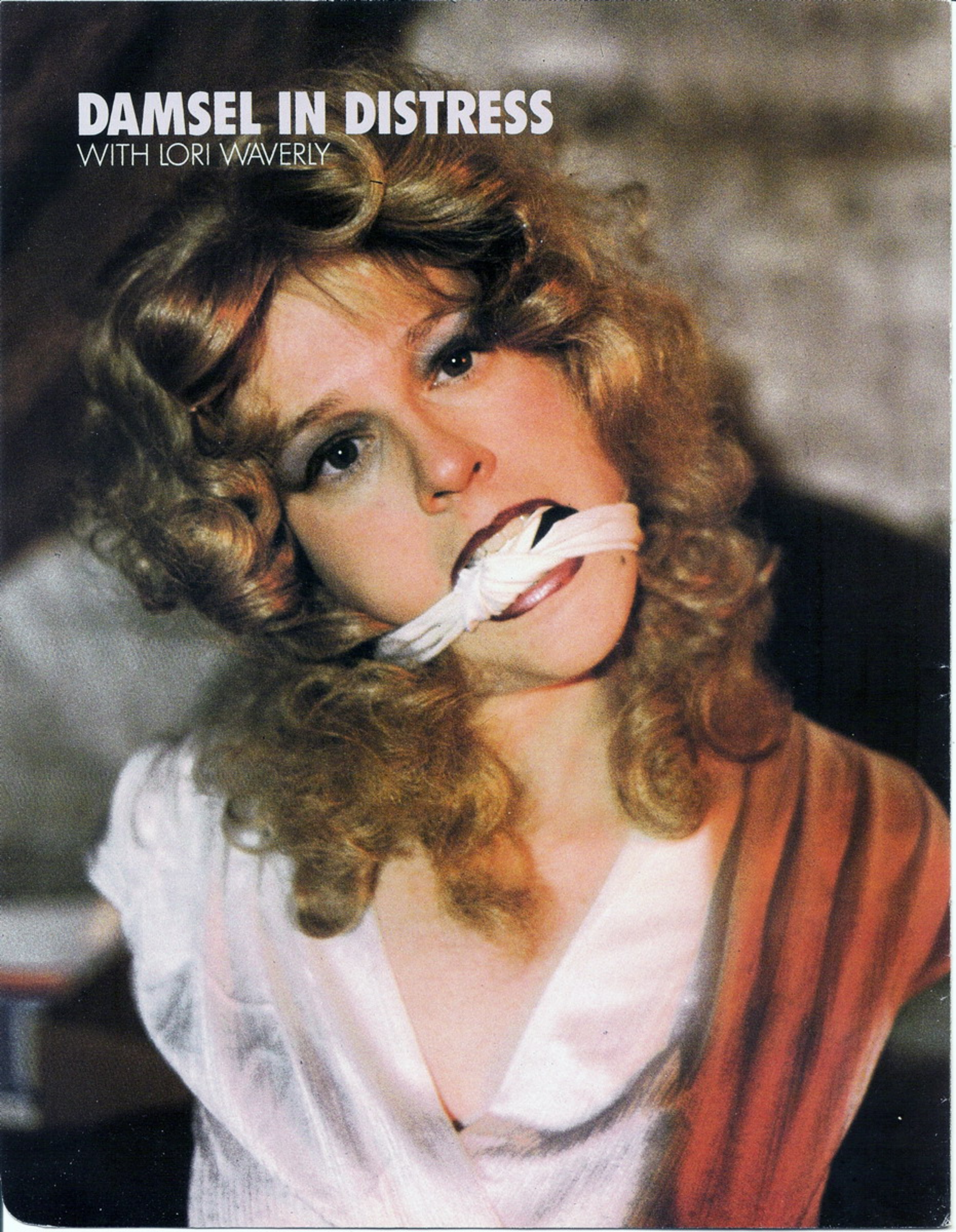
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DAMSEL IN DISTRESS

WITH LORI WAVERLY



It was the night. The night the little girl was to become the woman. All her life daddy thought of Christine as a child. He didn't see her growing tall and lush before his eyes. He had always concentrated on other things. His business, primarily. But tonight was the night of the big merger, and he wanted his girl by his side.

Christine looked forward to it as well. It was a great excuse to dress up — something she loved doing — and a chance to show daddy how much she had grown since mom had died. So on went the frilly underwear. On went the feminine garter belt instead of the usual pantyhose. On went the silky dress and the high, high heels.

Finally she was all ready to go. She had her makeup on and picked up her purse when she heard the car horn outside her apartment. She was impressed by the limousine which awaited her at the curb. Leave it to daddy, she thought. Always traveling first class. But when she got to the already open door and leaned down, she didn't recognize the two men inside.

"Wait!" she began. It was as far as she got. An iron-hard hand gripped her wrist and pulled. She was propelled into the arms of the other man. The car lurched away from the curb as he wrapped his arms around her. Her mouth opened and then the man who pulled her inside pushed a cloth over her face.

It was thick, it was pulpy, it was sodden. It seemed to grip her face with glue. The glue odor filled her nostrils, then her mind. She fell into a bright white dream, then sank into a growing darkness.

Her body ached when she awoke. She tried to stretch and get up before she realized they were still tying her. She bucked instantly and started to scream. Only one cry emerged before they gagged her tightly and cruelly. She continued to scream and contort on the dirty floor as her captors stood back.

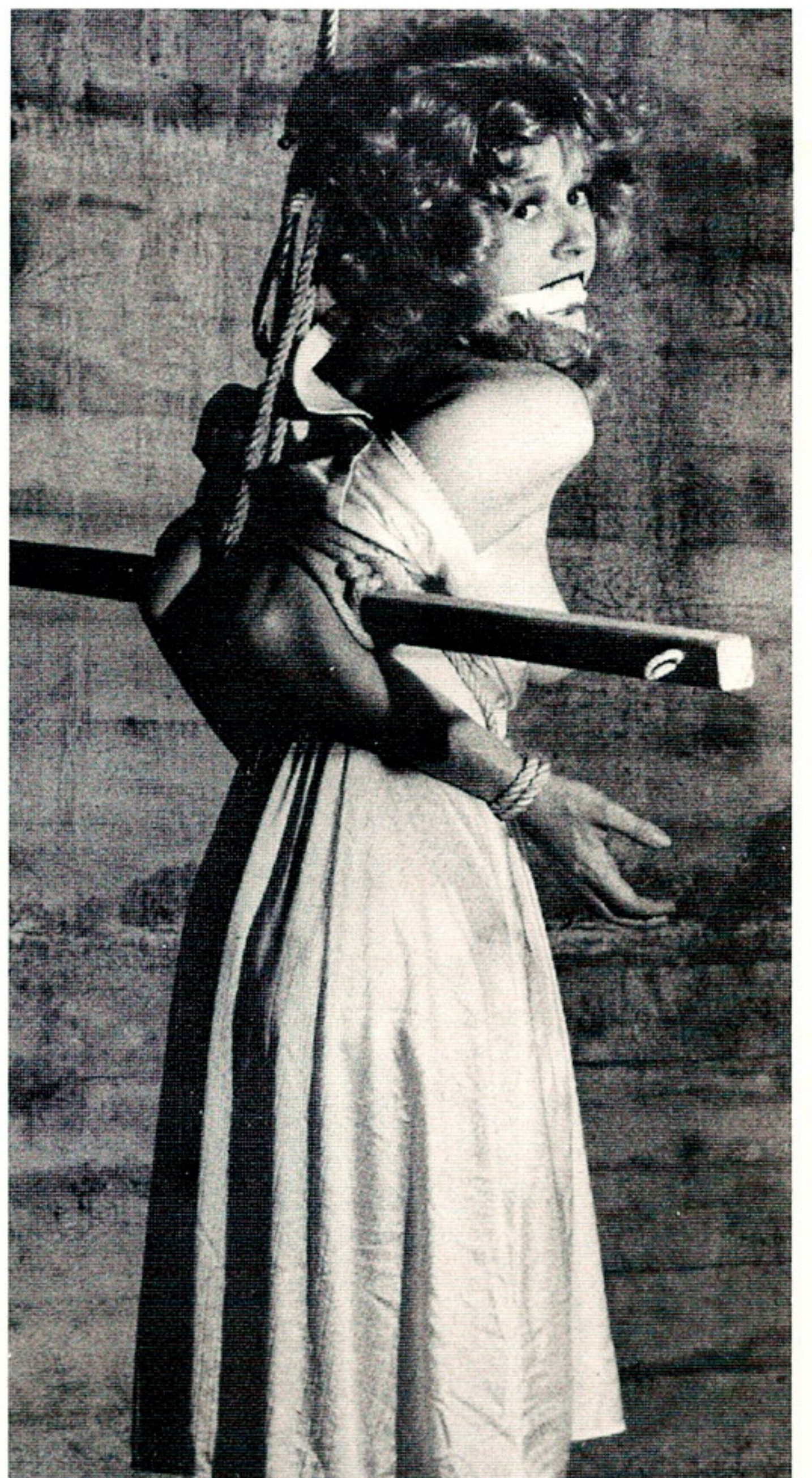
Things got out of hand.

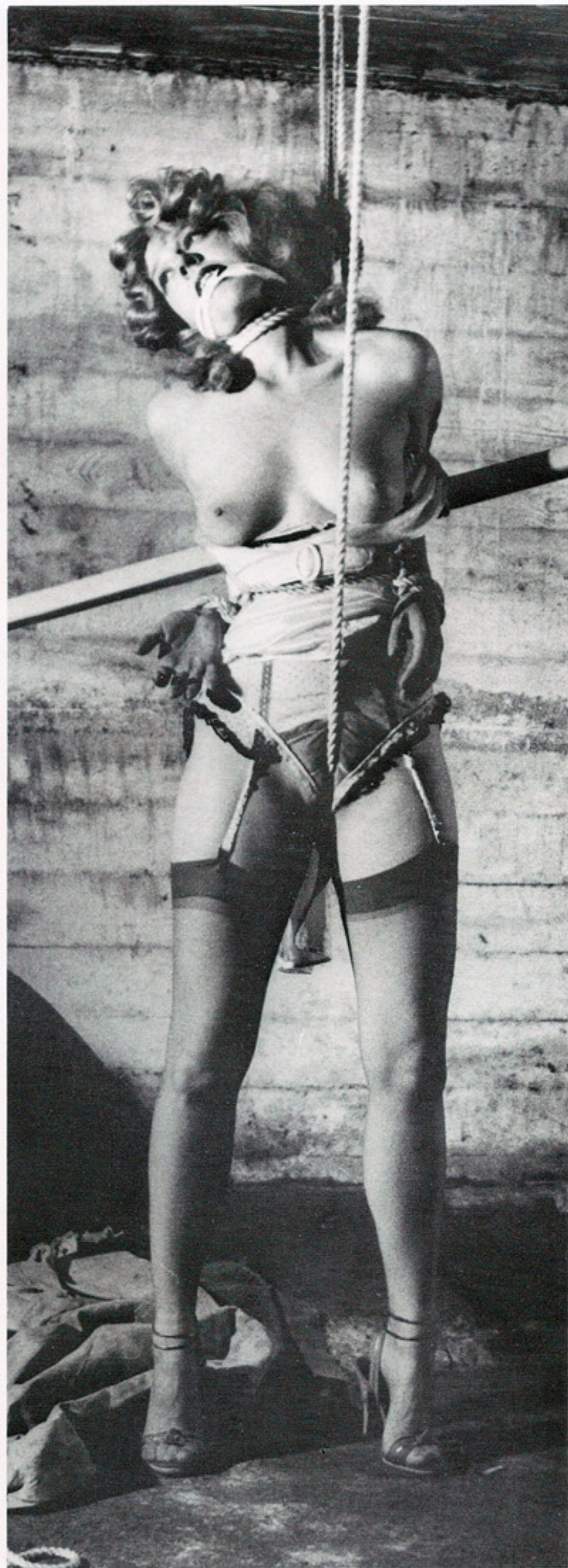
They were supposed to just keep her there, unharmed, until the negotiations were over. But she was too pretty, and they were too sick, and they saw too much as she writhed. They saw her thighs, her stocking tops, her panties. They saw her breasts jiggle under the silk. They saw her nipples harden against the cloth.

He put a noose around her neck so she wouldn't collapse on him. Then he started torturing her in earnest. He made her stand on paint cans and wrapped ropes tightly around her waist. He made her stand on one leg, the other roped to the ceiling by her ankle. Just when she thought she couldn't stand any more she wasn't. He made her lie down. Then he roped her ankles to the ceiling. She closed her eyes.

Her daddy's company security men finally burst in. When she opened her eyes, she had grown up far more than she wanted to. Now she had to do even more growing, just to stay sane.





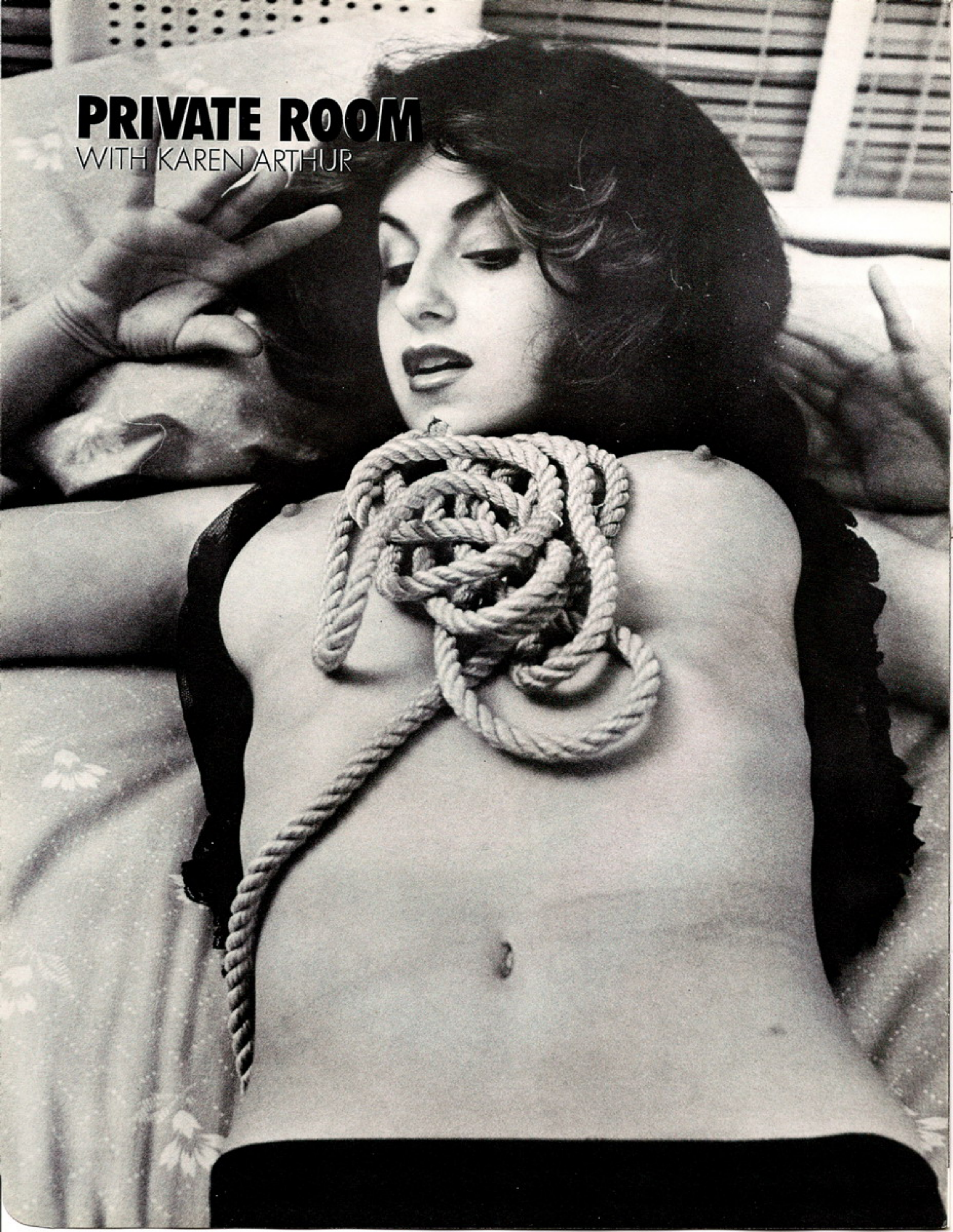






PRIVATE ROOM

WITH KAREN ARTHUR



No one could figure out why Tina was there. Not even Tina. All they knew was that after her yearly physical her doctor had admitted her to the exclusive hospital and booked her a private room. All Tina knew was that the man was very quick to point out that it was nothing serious, and that the hospital stay would cost her nothing. Not being one to look a gift examination in the mouth, Tina simply shrugged, packed up all her naughty little nighties, and went to the hospice.

Poor girl didn't have a clue. Not when the winding driveway to the place took her far away from the main drag, not when no one said boo when she checked in, and not even when they led her to the exclusive wing, with its heavily insulated, soundproofed rooms far away from the hospital's main section. All Tina deemed to notice was the color TV, the stocked fridge, and the compact disc player.

So it was safe to say that Tina was feeling no pain when the doctor crept into her room late that night and dropped the ropes on her chest.

Even though the place was pretty exclusive, the doc thought it best to take the air out of Tina's sails quickly. The cords went around her throat almost as quickly as they went around her limbs. If she made too loud a noise, Tina got that choking sensation. "What is it?" she managed to gasp.

"Remember when I said it wasn't serious?" her doctor asked, securing her wrists to her knees. "I lied." When her eyes widened, he continued quickly. "You have a serious problem. But don't worry. We'll take care of that."

He took care of her skin and her round, high breasts all that night, and started working on her physical therapy the next day. Her wrists were attached to the pipe across the ceiling, as were the ropes between her legs. Tina heard the nurses making rounds, but there was a quarantine sign on the closed, locked door, and the look on her doctor's face kept her lips quivering rather than opening wide.

"Very good," he finally judged. "Time to work on the other symptoms." After all, the doc had other patients. So he put Tina to bed, first with her wrists together and then with her wrists wide. Another rope held her head down and stilled her voice, while another attached her ankles to the baseboard. And there was still that one more between her legs ... working on her "problem."

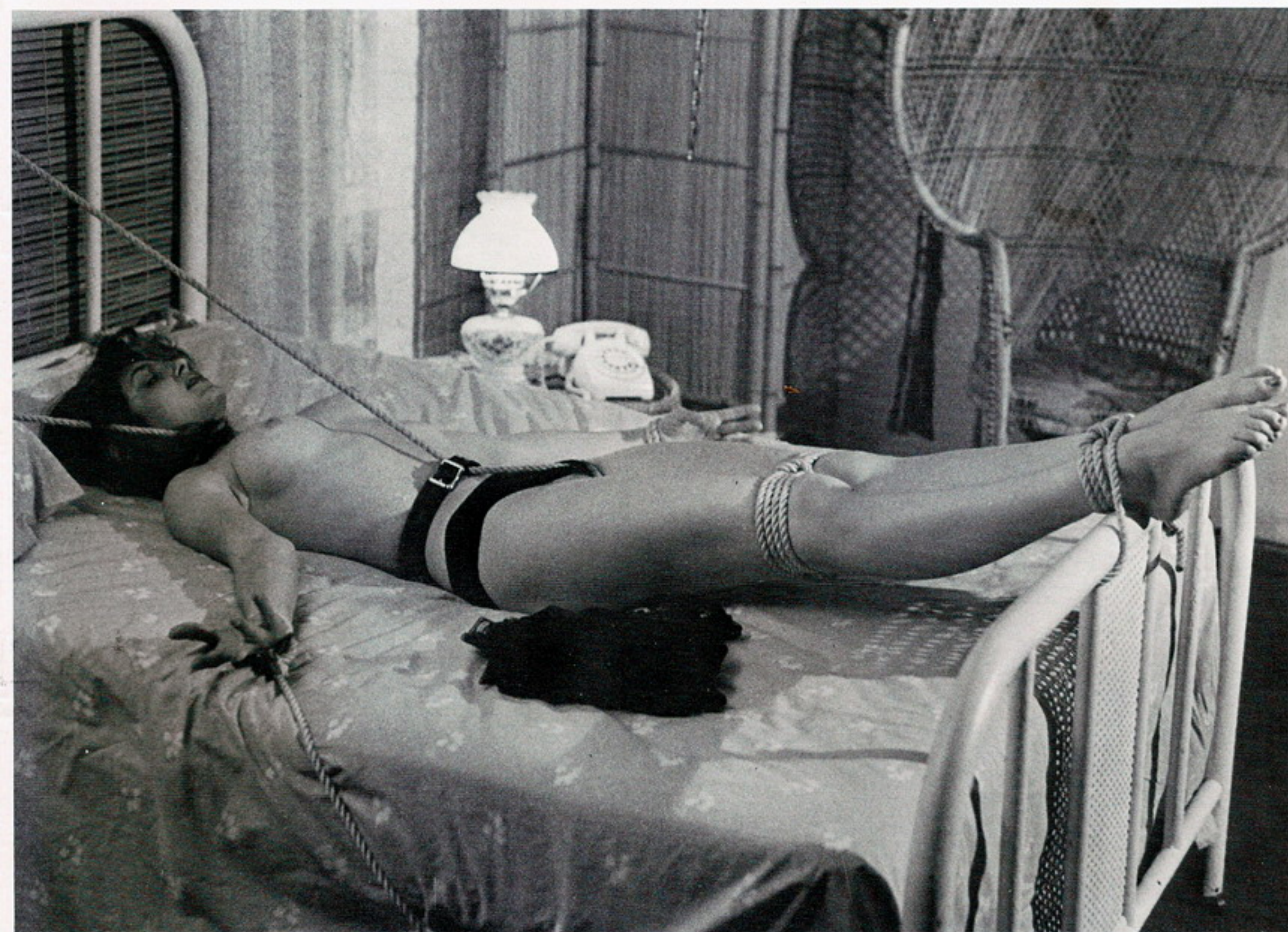
After a tough day, the doctor returned, to find Tina responding well to her medication.

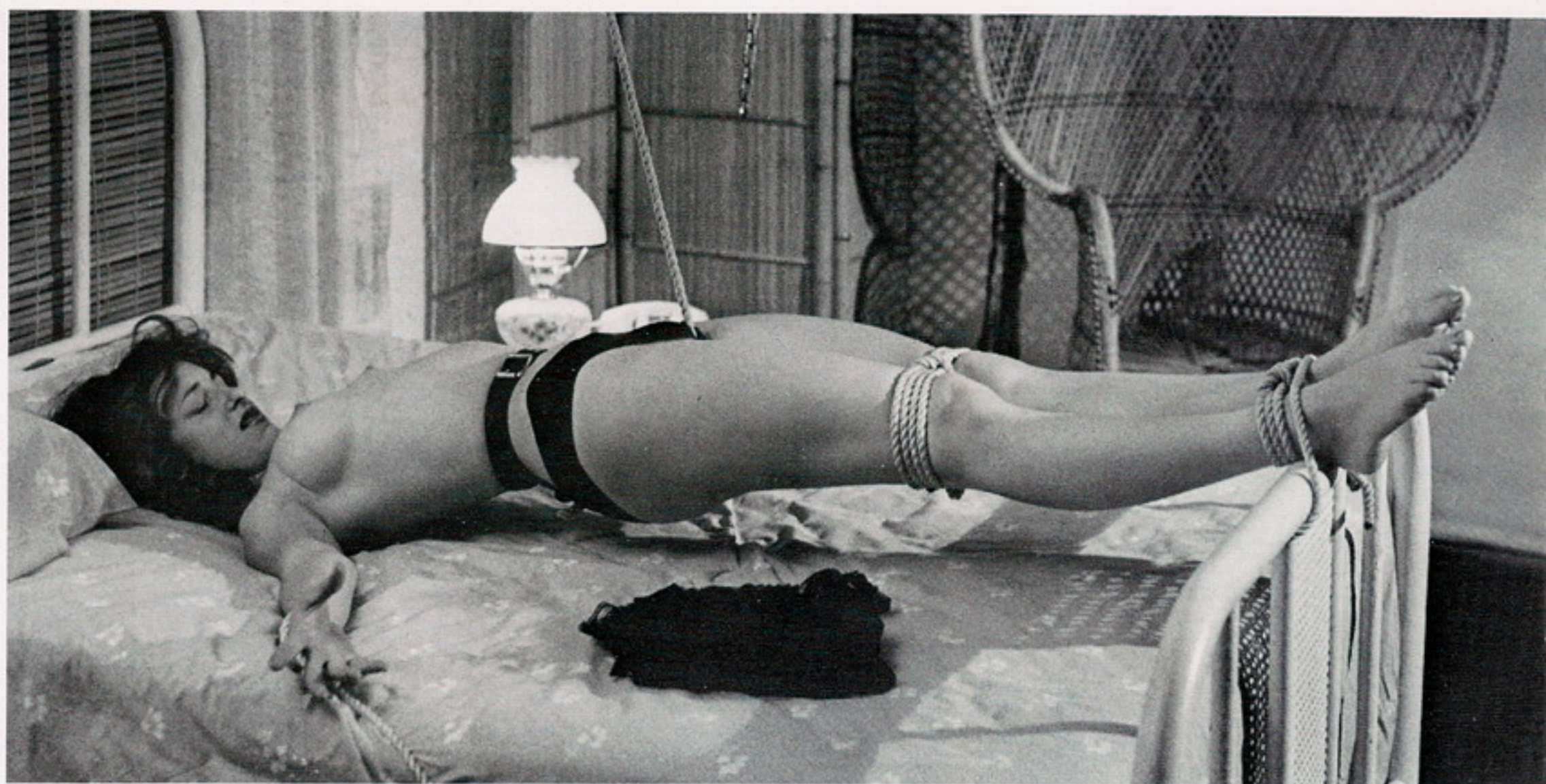
"Excellent," he opined. "Time to up the dosage." Her ankles were soon attached to the ceiling.

Finally the doctor tied her legs up and wide, preparing for his final injection. "One way or another," he said, "this'll cure you."











THE NOOSE

WITH GEORGIA VAN HELSING



There once was a man who hated injustice. He practically burned with the fervor. And one day this man met a woman he couldn't help seeing as immoral in every way. It wasn't just that she dressed and acted the slut. That he could take. It was worse... much worse. She had no moral code of ethics. Her lack of morality extended from not only how she treated herself, but to how she treated others.

The last straw, for him, was when she refused to sign his petition. "Murderers deserve to be punished," she said.

"But don't you see?" he stressed. "Capital punishment is cruel and unusual punishment!"

She laughed at him. "What's murder, then?"

"Tow wrongs do not make a right!"

"Try telling that to the victim," she smirked.

He got angry. "I suppose you'd like to go back to hanging!"

She overreacted to his rage. "Maybe I would!" she snapped.

Then he must have snapped as well. For that night he kidnapped her. He brought her to his cellar and made her sign the petition. He looked at her teddi-clad body and her makeup — still heavy makeup even though it was the middle of the night — and he couldn't help but agree with her... some people did need to be punished.

In rage, in horror, in insanity, he made a noose for her. He tied her hands behind her back and let her feel the rope's rough caress across her throat. But that was not enough for him. He was too far gone now and she was much too frightened to be as defiant as she had been earlier. He had gone over the edge now.

He assailed her womanhood as he felt she had assailed his manhood. He pulled down her teddi top, he tied her legs, he pulled a cord tightly between her legs, trying to shut his mind to her gasping.

He could not stand to see her in the noose for long, but he couldn't let her go... not now. So he put the noose at her ankles and tied her to the chair. He tried to string her up by her crotch. All she could do was watch him wide-eyed, and try to keep from hyperventilating.

He surveyed her almost naked body, shiny, glistening with sweat. It angered him for reasons he had no way of understanding. He pulled the crotch rope tighter, lifting her from the chair seat, pulling her up until she could be silent no more.

Her cries turned to gasps as he retied her. He did it in a frenzy, hardly stopping to see what he was doing. When he stumbled back, sweating and gasping himself, her knees were spread. She lay on the chair awkwardly, moaning and hissing.

Early the next morning he turned himself in. The authorities found her as he had left her: both arms and one ankle attached to a ceiling pipe.







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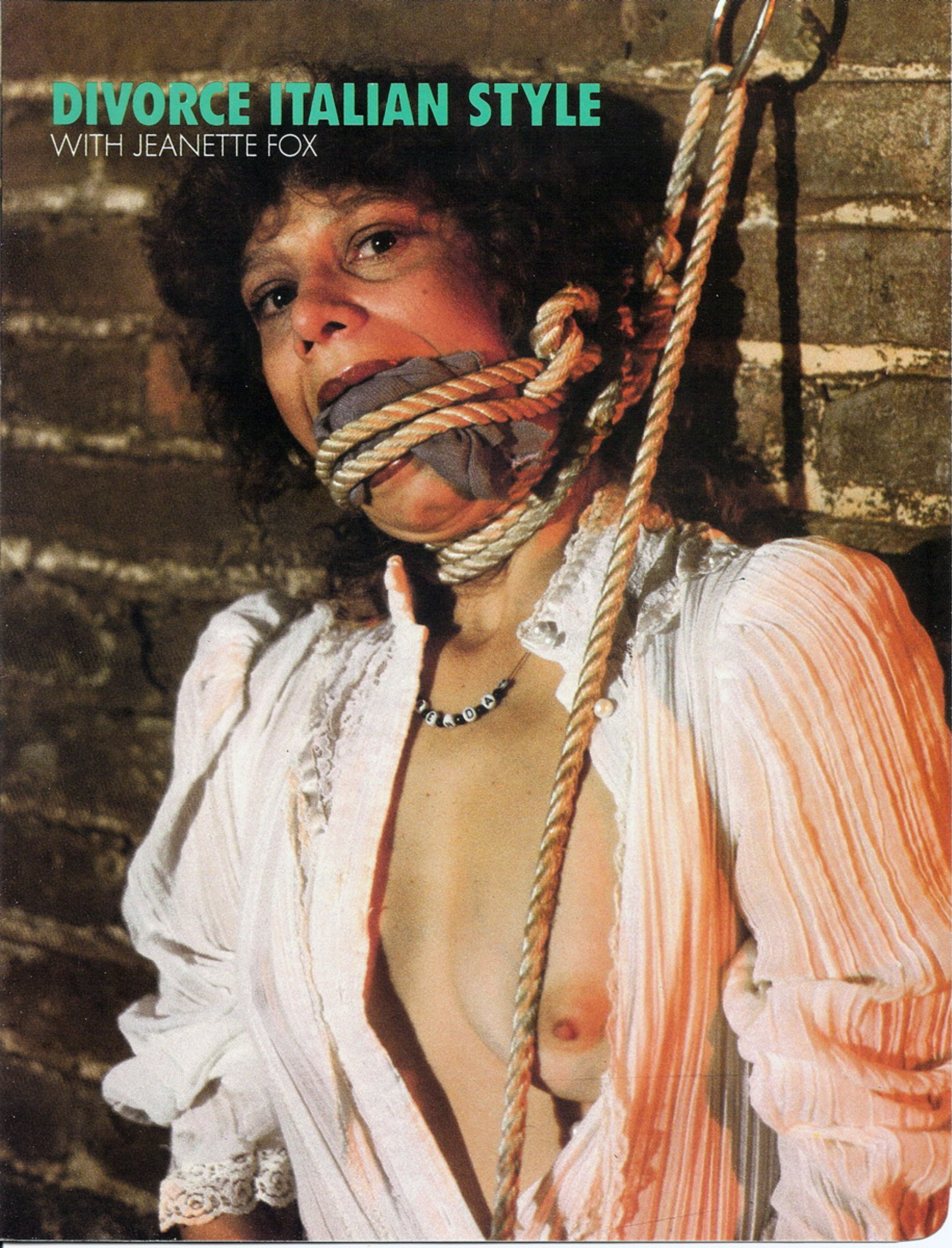
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DIVORCE ITALIAN STYLE

WITH JEANETTE FOX



Desperate straits lead to desperate measures. But Emilio was not the murdering kind. Emilio was a wise and savvy businessman. Emilio knew how to delegate authority. And Emilio had a wide range of associates. One such associate ran one of his vineyards for him. Emilio knew that this old gentleman had always had a soft spot in his heart for Emilio's wife, but Emilio also knew that this man was old fashioned, believing in the ancient ways.

And there was only one way to take a man's wife from him.

"I shall make you a deal," Emilio said. "You shall kidnap her, and I shall pay ransom. I shall pay ransom as long as you have her..."

Mr. and Mrs. Emilio visited the vineyard on a pretext. They had a wonderful time until the missus was sent down to get a rare vintage bottle of wine. Much to her amazement, an arm wrapped around her waist. A hand clapped over her mouth. She was dragged behind the casks.

"I don't understand!" said later, yelling among the casks so she could hear. "Where is my wife?"

"We do not know, Don Emilio!" the help maintained. Meanwhile the old gentleman looked into MRs. Emilio's eyes, smiling. She stood with her back to a brick wall, her wrists tied to her ankles in front of her, ropes holding a gagging cloth in her mouth, her neck corded to a bolt in the stone. Her dress was open and her captor slowly rubbed her chest.

"You are dry, beautiful one," the old told her later. "Like unused vines. We must sweeten the crop, bring new moisture to the earth." Mrs. Emilio screamed as he attached her wrists to the wall and wrapped the rope about her hips, invading her womanhood. But the gag dampened her cries until the wine cellar swallowed them up.

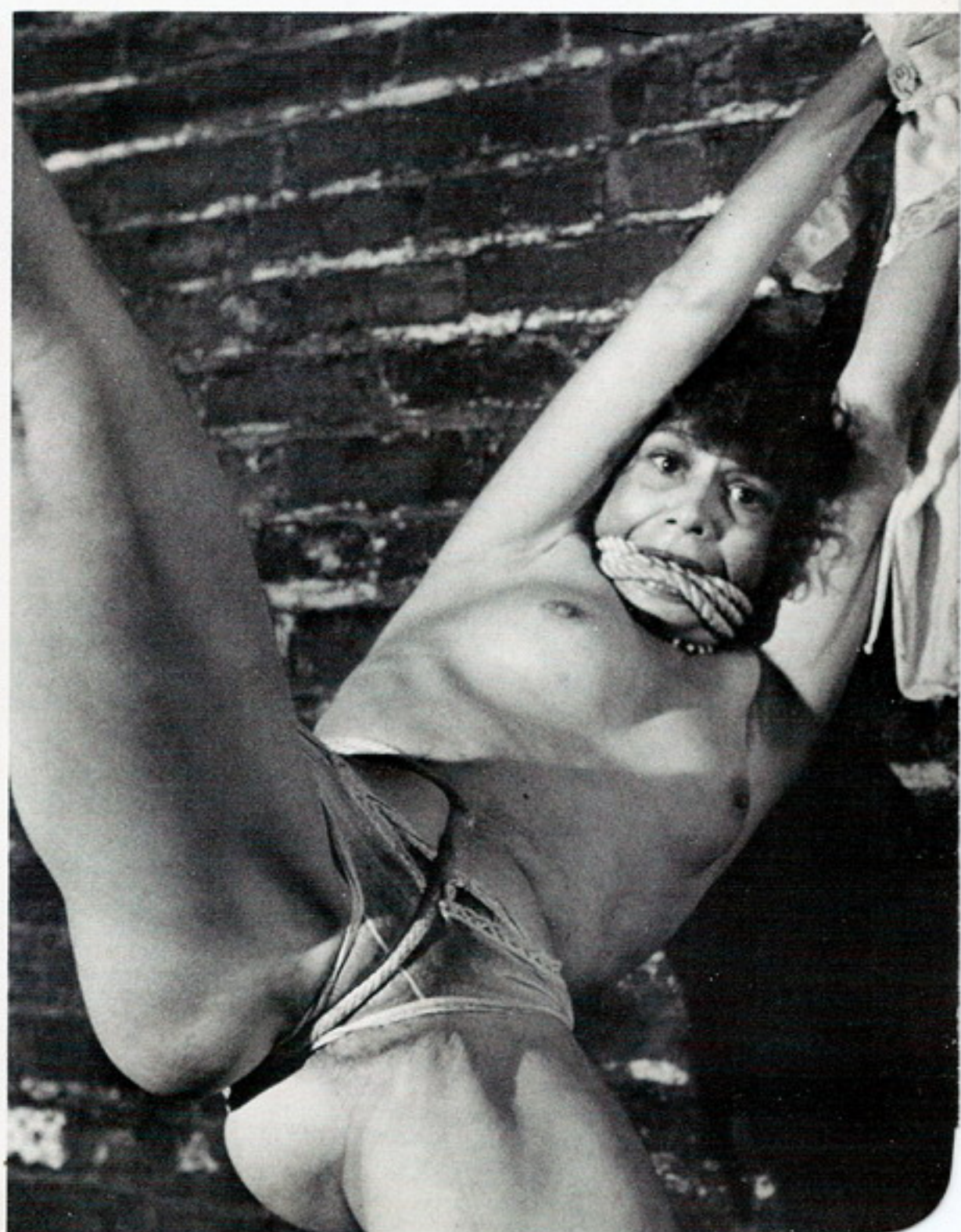
By day the old gentleman tended the farm. By night, he tended Mrs. Emilio. He stretched her in positions that would try even the grapes. But each evening as he came to her, he saw that she had weathered the storm. He acknowledged what he had felt all along. That she was, indeed, from noble stock. She was responding accordingly.

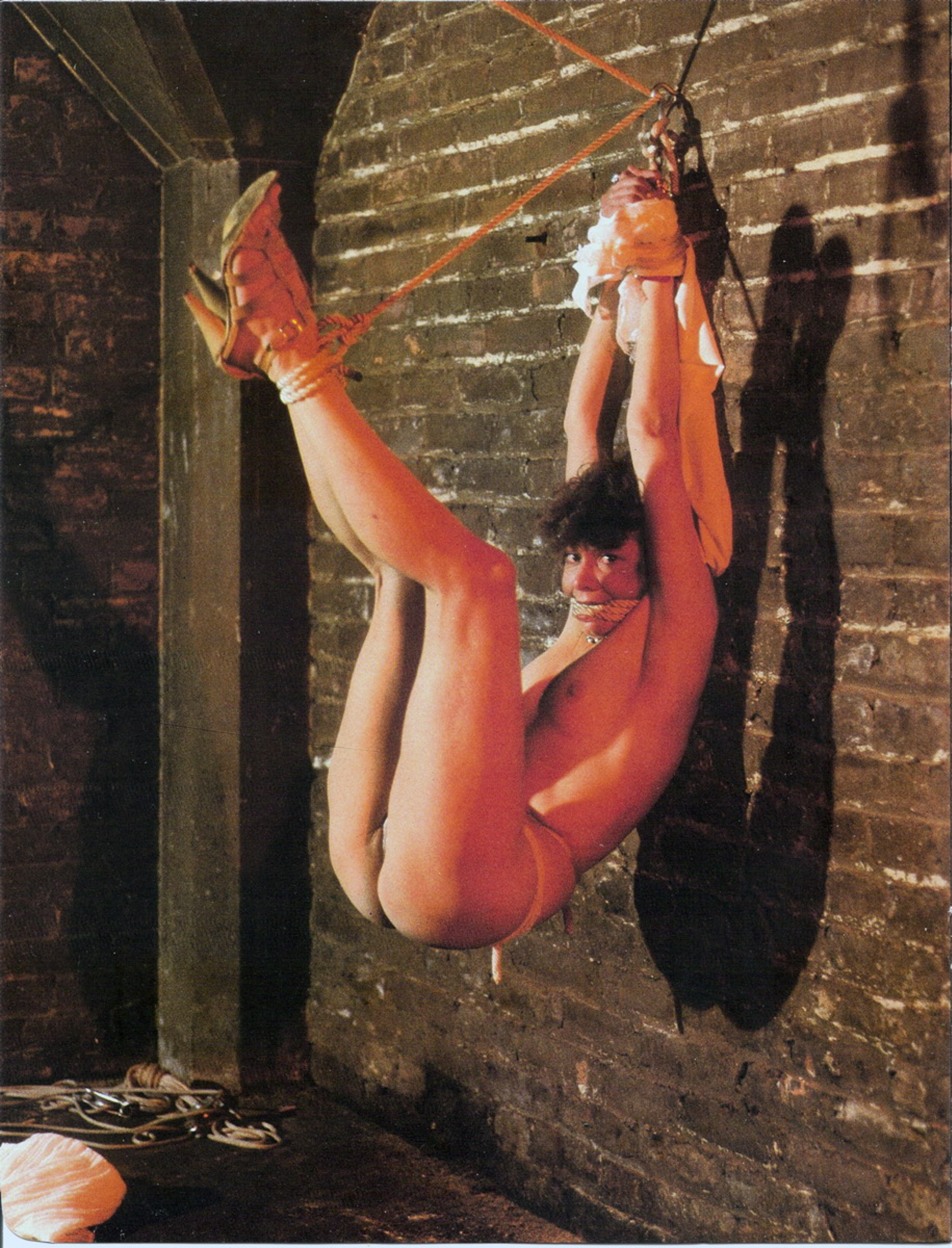
But she was still a married woman. And a married woman would never accede to a man besides her husband willingly. So the old man gladly invited Emilio back. And he served his master a sumptuous meal. During the courses he would converse with Emilio and his girl friend.

But between every course he would return to Mrs. Emilio, who stood, head pulled back, rope around her waist, her arms at the wall bolt, an easily removed rope through her legs.

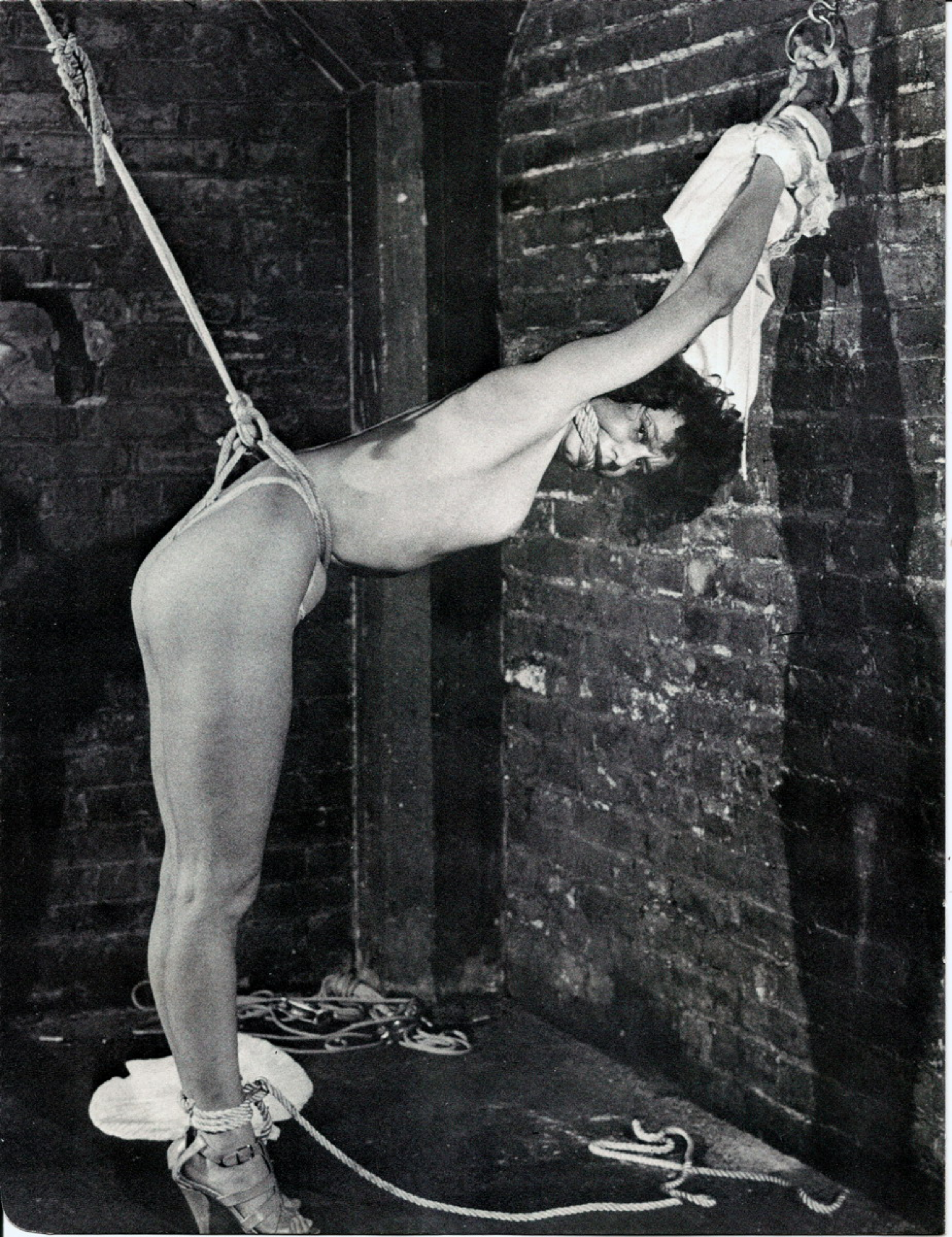
He would stand behind her, his hands over her tits. She would call to her husband, but he would never hear.













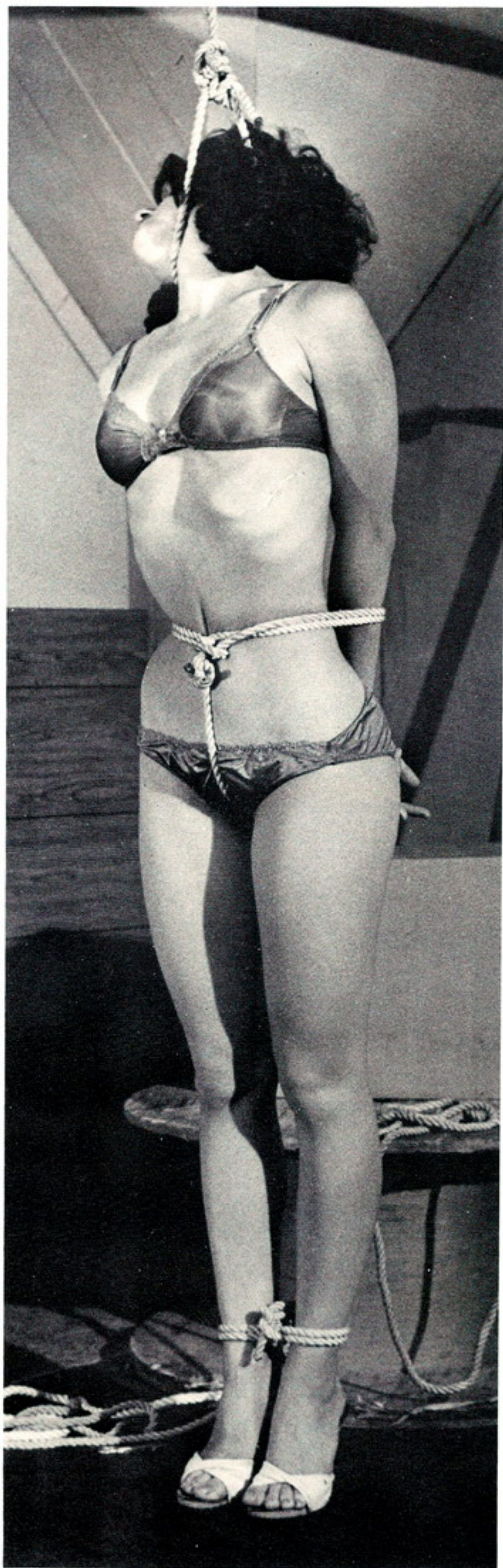
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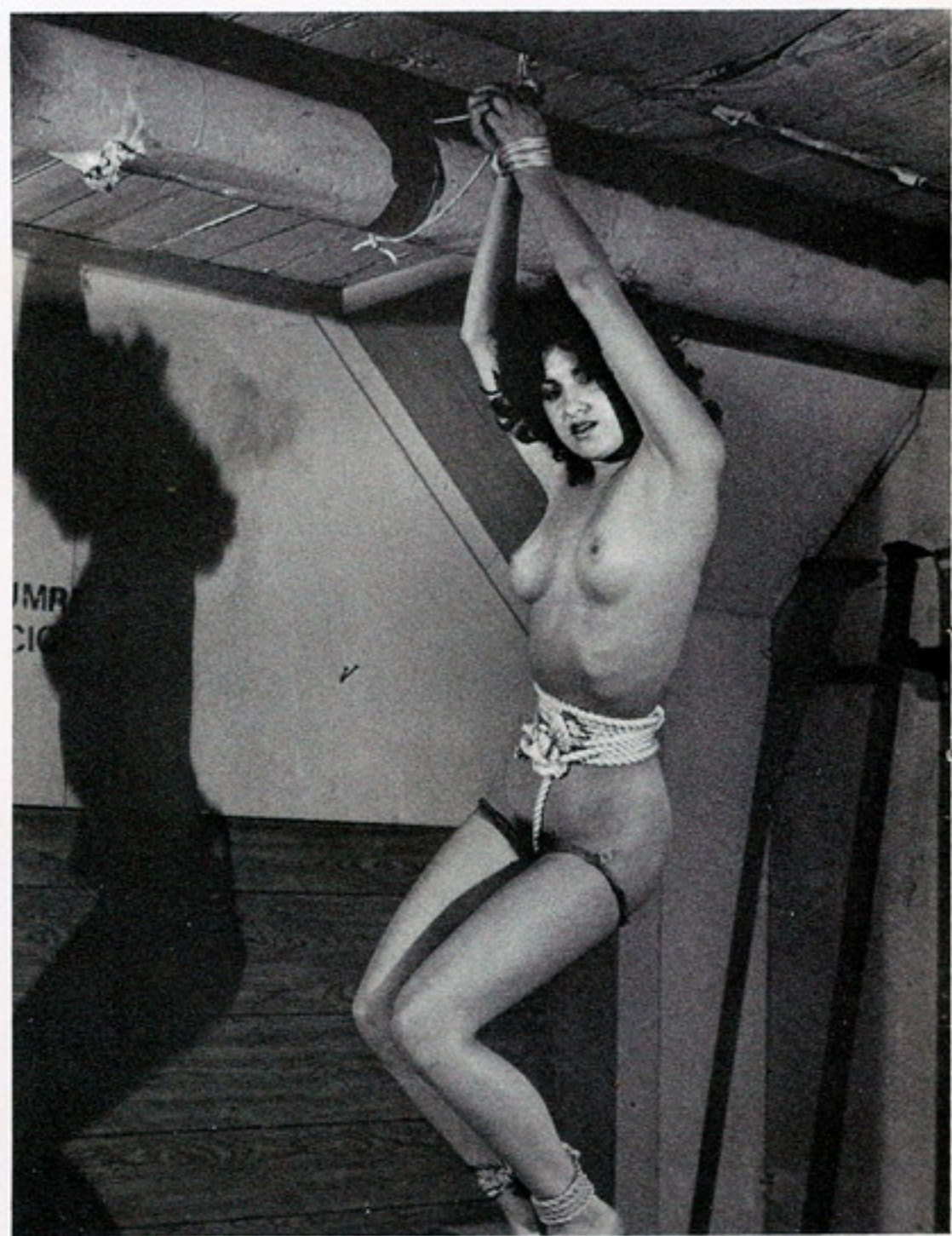
WITH KAREN ARTHUR

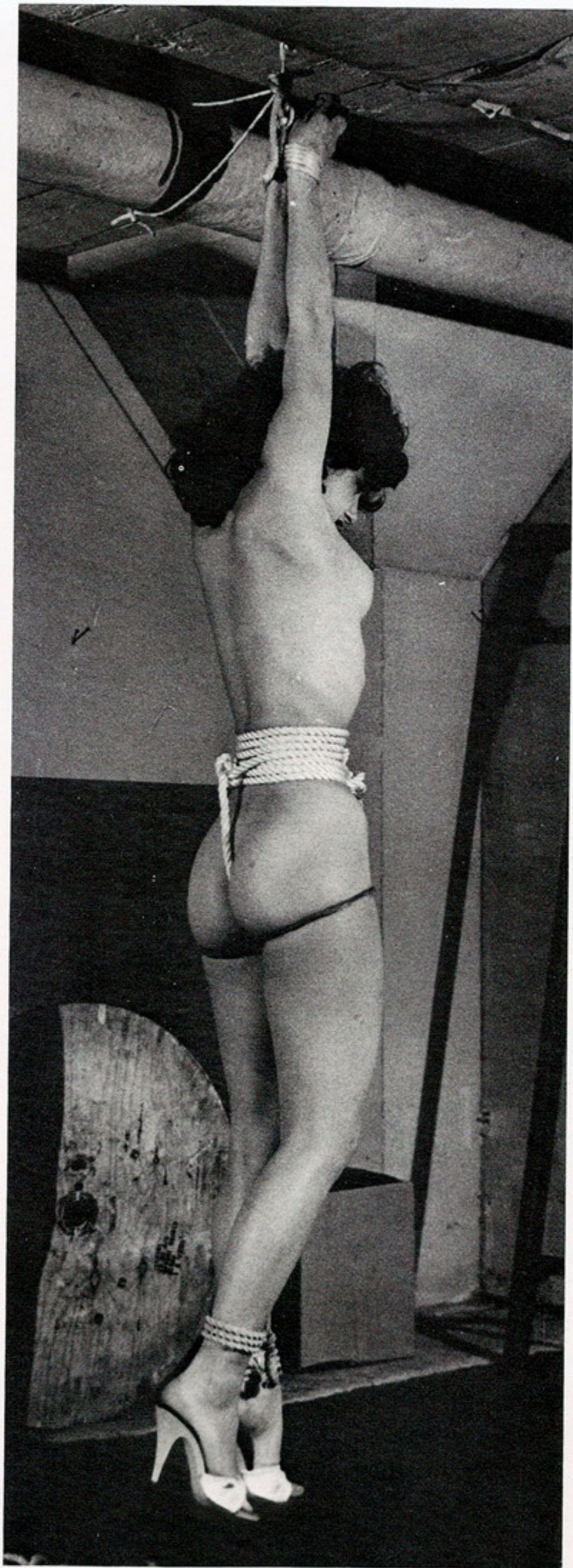
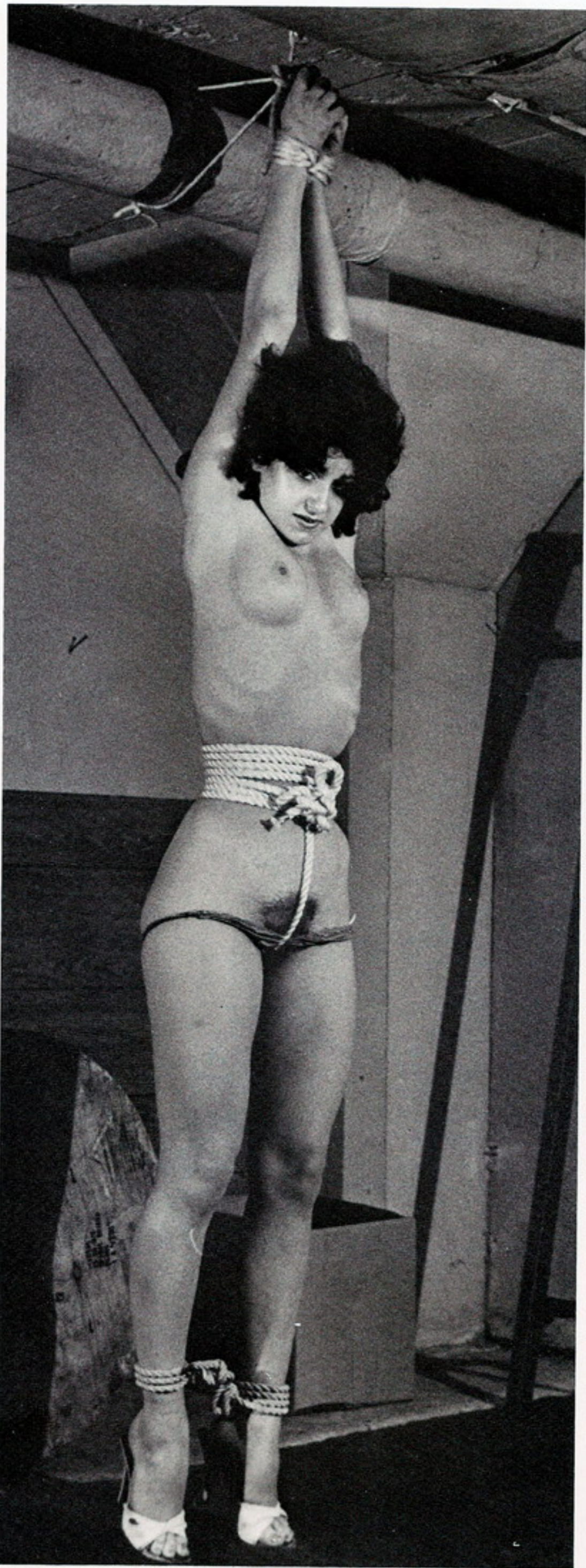














TYLER: MEMOIRS OF A WHITE SLAVER

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THE NEW MODEL

WITH CHRISSY MORRIS

Desperation bred stupidity. Candi had come to the big city months before, hoping to make it as a model, only to find out the big city had a glut of women who were taller and prettier and wanted to be models days, weeks, months, years before Candi had wanted to. But she just kept getting up, putting on the make-up, slipping into the sexy clothes, strapping on the high heels, and answering the ads.

The only thing that changed was Candi's attitude. At first, all she would even consider was high fashion jobs at only the best agencies. Then maybe department store work. Ok, then how about catalog pictures? Well, all right, anything that requires film in the camera, even if it was in this desolate loft in a run down section of the city.

"I'm doing one of those detective magazine covers," the sleazy photographer said and promptly began to shackle Candi to the ceiling.

"Hey, wait a minute," she complained, and he was instantly apologetic, showing her one cover after another allegedly taken by him. The stream of half and quarter-dressed women in ropes and perils actually did much to soothe Candi. This guy might actually be on the level.

Then again, he might not.

Candi began to wonder again when the noose went around her neck and her skirt started coming off. "Hey," was all she said, however.

The photographer was elusive again. "Really, love, you saw the covers," he maintained. "They all had a bit of tit showing."

She bit her lip, mentally agreeing. They had, and a batch of leg and a swath of thigh, too. Oh well, at least it was a paying job. Of course it was a bit late in the long run when he put the chain between her legs. "This isn't for a detective cover!" she wisely announced.

"No," he admitted, running back behind the camera. "I do other work. Shame to waste you, love; you're perfect for it. I'll pay you extra."

"I don't know..." Candi began, but he was already snapping away. So she just grimaced and bore it. And, of course, from there on, it just got worse and worse.

Almost all her clothes came off except for her shoes and panty hose. And he made quick work of those once her arms were bound behind her. He tore at them until they looked like a particularly sexy pair of garter hose.

But by then Candi had to deal with the thick rope cinching her waist like a merry widow corset and a thick strand trying to dig inside her. "That's enough," she kept saying, and he kept saying, "Oh, just one more." And he kept reminding her that she was getting paid.

When he started hanging her up, she just couldn't take it anymore. "I mean it!" she yelled. "That's it! Get me down from here!"

"All right, all right," he soothed. "Keep it down, will you? I've got neighbors, you know." He hurried forward and sat her down. Candi breathed a sigh of relief, which caught in her throat as he started wrapping rope around her again.

"What is this?"

"Just one more setup, love, This is it, I promise."

"No! Let me go, damn it!"

"I'll pay you extra."

"No." But it was weaker this time.

"Fifteen minutes, I promise."

She didn't agree, but she didn't say no, either. She just sat there as he tied her to the chair, more tightly than ever, even before. "Here, take this rope in your mouth," he instructed. "That's beautiful, just beautiful. Now hold it." He took picture after picture until Candi thought she'd go crazy. Then they both heard the door downstairs open and slam shut.

"Bobby?" a woman's voice called. Bobby, the photographer, nonchalantly approached Candi from behind the camera.

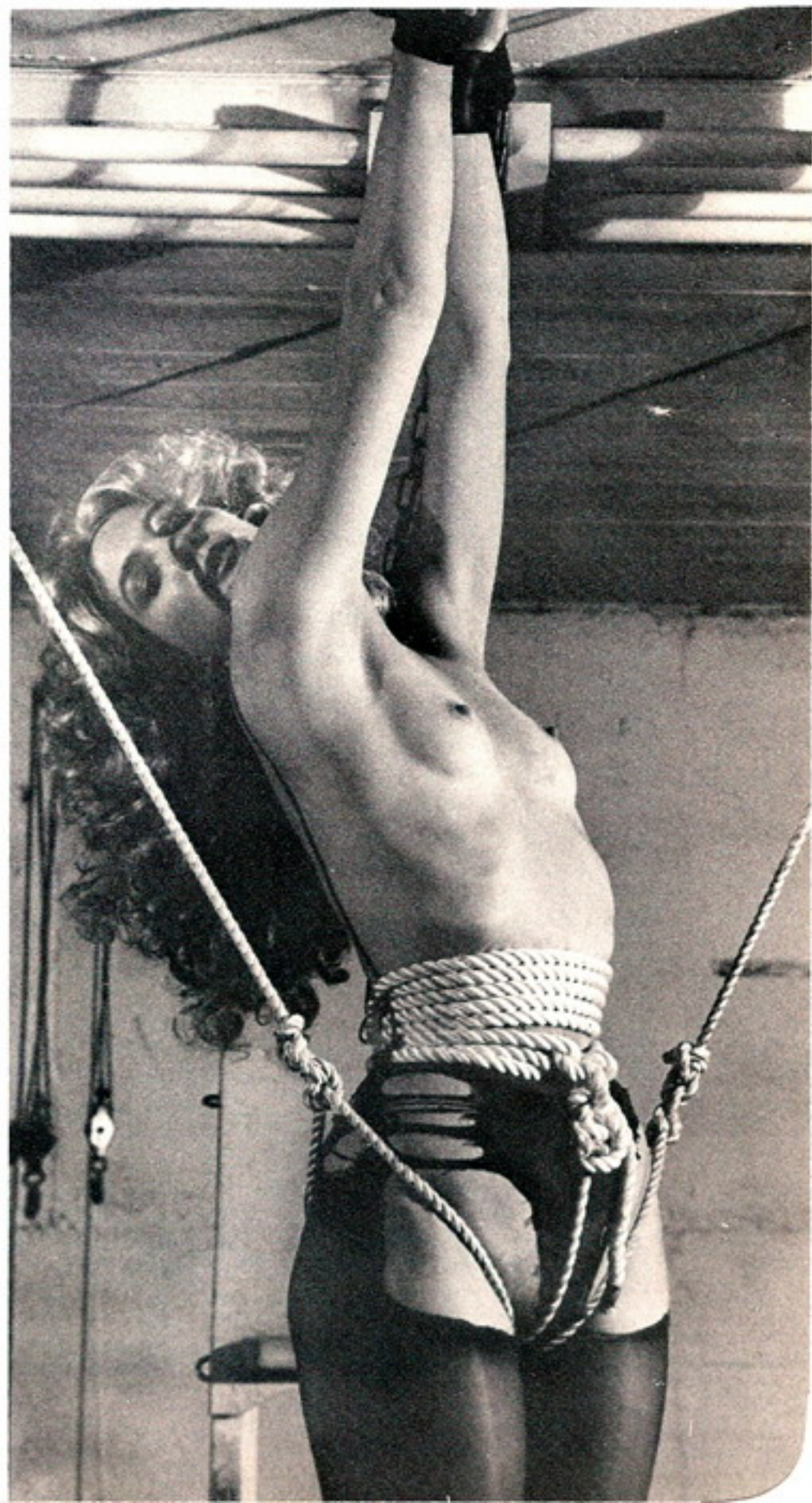
"I'll be right down!" he called back, casually circling Candi and suddenly jamming a leather-covered bit-gag in her mouth. He buckled it tightly around her head as she squealed and bucked. "There, there," he whispered in her ear. "You'll do just fine." Candi screamed and screamed, writhing.

Content that the woman downstairs couldn't hear the pinioned model, Bobby went to the door, smiling. Candi watched, horrified, as he left the loft, locking the door after him.

"What did you do today?" she heard the woman ask him.

"Oh. Nothing," she heard him reply.











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207: Suspended in Chains. Entering the forbidden room she finds the steel collar, the chain, the ball gag. And he uses them all—on her!



206: Three for the Money. Lila goes to a bondage master, who does what her boyfriend is afraid to do: bind and discipline her.



205: Tickled Torment. Sara and Kim tie and tickle each other into a frenzy, each taking the dominant role in their erotic game.



203: Terms of Sale. The unusual terms of the contract included being locked in a barrel, tied hand and foot, and being gagged.



201: The Spy's Mistake. Bad little girls get punished for spying, and Mary was bound, lashed, and punished severely for her snooping.



200: Bondage High. Tired of waiting for him, she begins masturbating. He shows up, goes to work, keeping her on a high for hours.



197: Force Fed. Angry at Lana's advances toward her boyfriend, Jackie caresses her roommate with both hands and whip!



196: Red Hot Captive. Marti Kaye stars in this red hot bondage film, captive to an expert rope master who really has her in a bind.



194: The Novice's Mistake. Tina's first customer turns out to be a dominant in disguise, and she has to be rescued.



191: The Pledge. The vibrator sings its song as the new initiate, bound and helpless, submits to the bizarre rites of the sorority.



190: The Cure. She just couldn't masturbate for him! But he teases her until she needs the bottle inside her! It's only inches away!



189: Sweet Frustration. Caught in the basement with a dildo, she is tied tightly and teased in position after position.



186: The Secret. Jennifer discovers her interest in B&D is shared by her roommate. The surprised duo soon dance to the whip.



185: Bondage Reward. Krissy is caught in the basement playing with her sex toys. The intruder ropes and teases her.



184: Trouble for Suzie. Curiosity leads Suzie to search the new neighbors' apartment, only to find herself in stringent bondage.



183: Nightmare. Jana falls asleep and dreams of a beautiful dominatrix putting her through stringent bondage positions.



182: Bound, Gagged & Punished. Waiting for her bondage partner, she falls asleep, dreaming of a bigger, more powerful man.



180: Nina Never Knew. Nina's self-bondage is interrupted by a stranger who fulfills her wildest sexual fantasies.



179: Hard Hat Trouble. Janet the supervisor orders Jack around once too often, and the bossy bitch finds herself in a bind.



177: Submission! The lovely slave Carolyn couldn't wait to show off all of her submissive charms, including her new nipple rings.



174: The Switch. A slave is delivered to a demanding mistress and punished, but the slave manages to turn the tables on the dominatrix.



173: Rude Arousal. Darlene, the little town flirt, is taught a lesson in B&D by the local girls that she will never forget.



172: Code of Honor. Alice cheats on her husband, and her brother-in-law whips her cruelly to uphold the family honor.



171: Sorority Pledge. Anne learns that being a member of the sorority isn't easy. She is taken to a bondage master for a heavy hazing!



170: Slave Training. Real SM people show how it's supposed to be done with the riding crop on bare thighs and ass.



169: The Bondage Master. San Francisco's Mark Chester binds SM devotee Ami Simon in his Oriental style bondage.



168: Ellen's Training. You won't want to miss the loving SM as Master Jim binds and hangs padlocks from Ellen's nipple rings!



167: The Rope Department. A beautiful bound blonde starts this film which features five different bound beauties.



162: Hot to be Bound. Jeannie's bondage wish comes true—naked, writhing and spread wide, full of excitement and passion.



161: Turned Tables. The paid punisher gets so carried away in his tied torment of Patty that he forgets he's only doing a job.



160: Sore Winner. This flaunting tennis champ finds herself bound and whipped on the ass with her own tennis racket.



159: Doublecross. Maria tries to leave with the money, but Jerry discovers her and teaches her a painful lesson!



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SERVING GIRL

WITH LORI WAVERLY

Tatiana was not used to being treated this way... and said so. "If you'll excuse me, sir," she said as frostily as she could, considering the circumstances, "but this is not the way a woman of my position should be ... kept." Even she had problems with the concept and the words.

"Why not?" said her ... host. "You're a serving girl, aren't you?"

"The best in Europe," she said proudly ... or as proudly as you could wearing a collar around your throat and otherwise not much of anything else at all. "And while we're on the subject, this is not the way a woman of my position should be dressed."

"We're not on the subject," he said, going about his business. "You are."

"And another thing," she continued, getting her dander up. "This is not my idea of proper lodgings. Our contract stipulates very clearly the need for proper lodgings...!"

"Look," he said sharply, sticking his face very close to hers. "You're a serving girl, right? And I'm your new master, right? I paid for your trip over here and we have a signed contract for a year, right? So serve me."

"It would be a pleasure," she choked, "sir. But how can I in this ... outfit, and ... and these chains about my wrists ...!"

"That's exactly how, honey," he said, smiling. "I don't want you to serve me tea, you know." Suddenly it all became frighteningly clear to her. And he moved in just as she started to yell. "Now that's more like it," he grunted as he prepared her for her first night.

Tatiana all but hung in her "room" in the cellar. She had tried to cry out to the mailman, to the traveling salesman, to the paper boy, but the choker around her neck did exactly that. It choked off her shouts into hoarse hisses. It was all she could do to keep breathing and swallowing.

The screaming would come later, when her master came home from work and showed her more of "the ropes." That is, how to serve him in her new job. One leg would go up and the rope would go between them, burrowing deep in her crack, itching at her very self. And then, even then, the cries she was so desperate to make would become moans, and then pained gasps.

Each day he would leave her helpless and each night he would train her until the days and nights melded into one awful era of sensual experience. "Upstairs, Downstairs," he kept reminding her. He would relax upstairs while she toiled downstairs, escape just twelve steps too many.

Even so, she was a strong European woman. She never gave up. And somehow that both angered and delighted her master. On the night of her most stringent position yet — doubled over, wrists behind, tied high to the cellar ceiling, a rope from her elbows through her rump and to her neck — he told her he had company upstairs. Even though she could hardly catch her breath because of the sexual torment, she still tried to cry out.

Later, her new master sat with his friends, smiling. "Come on," one said. "You're smiling that 'I know something you don't know' smile. What is it? A new girlfriend?"

"You could say that," her new master admitted and changed the subject. Late that night, when he was showing his last guest out, only he still knew that his serving girl was in the cellar, knees on the floor, wrists still attached to the ceiling, panties pulled down, and the thick, rubbery gag pushing her tongue down, prying her jaws wide, making her calls for help into anguished groans.

Who could say what the night might yield up?











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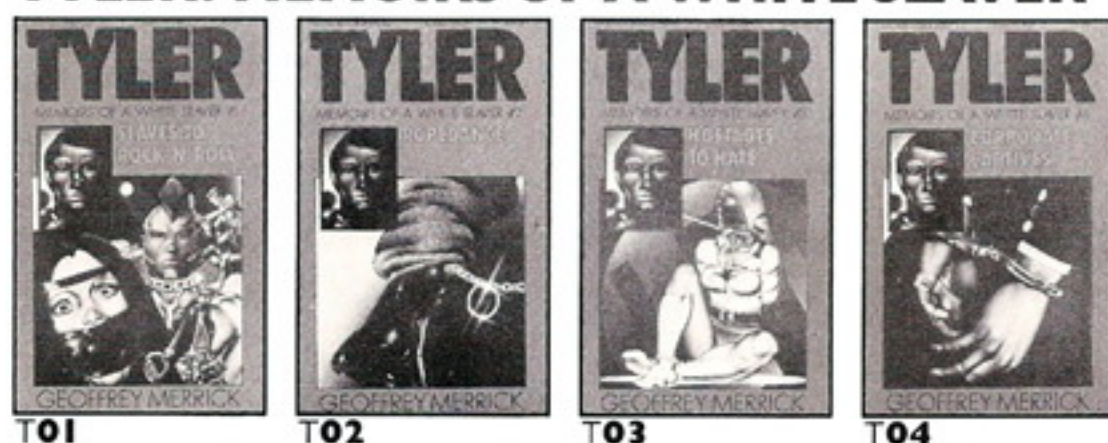
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